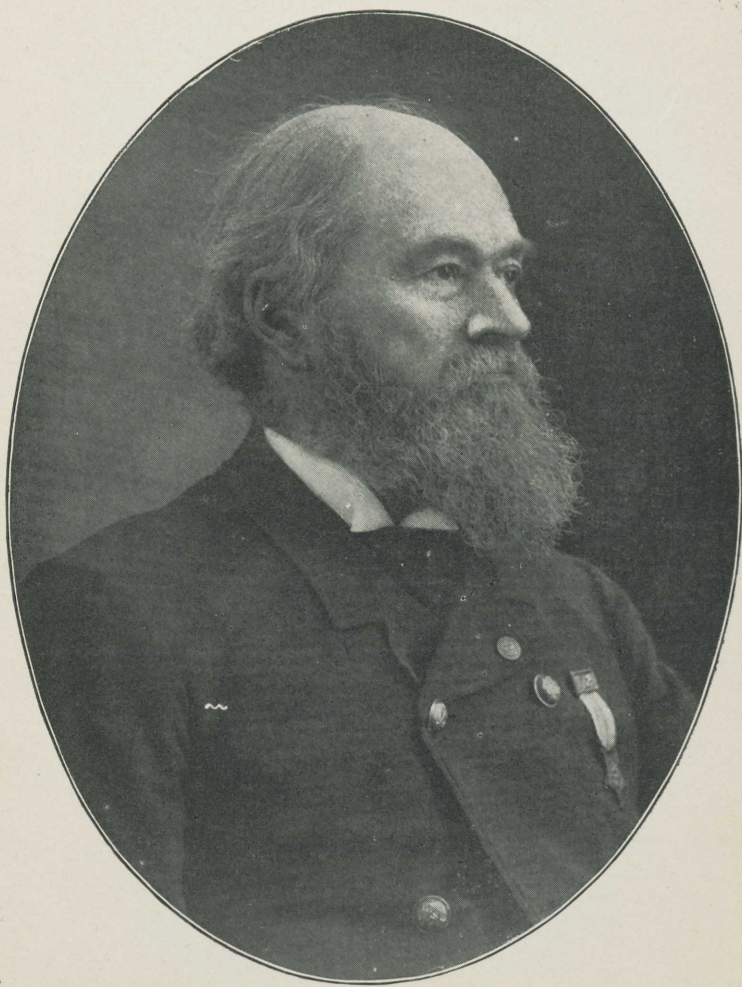


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J. Hooker.

1819—1892

CATALOGUE OF
EIGHTY-THREE FAMOUS CANVASES

—BY THE LATE—
JAMES HOPE, A. N. A.

Superb Transcriptions of Nature's Beautiful and Majestic
Masterpieces in Washington, Colorado, California,
Virginia, Vermont and New York. :: :: :: ::

GREAT BATTLE SCENES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

HISTORIC LOCALITIES OF WORLD-WIDE IMPORTANCE.

A choice few poetic Idealizations; perfect Reproductions
of Gems of the celebrated Dusseldorf Collection,
and a fine Old Master.

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FIFTH AVENUE ART GALLERIES,
366 and 368 Fifth Avenue, New York City
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS,
January 22nd and 23rd, at 8.15 o'clock.

JAMES P. SILO, Auctioneer

THE ALEXANDER PRESS
18-20 Astor Place

A FEW WORDS FROM THE PRESS

"You may examine these paintings for the hundredth time with constantly increasing pleasure."

Rutland (Vt.) Herald.

"In constant communion with nature, working from her inspiration, he knows those secrets she yields not to the careless questioner."

Chicago Art Journal.

"The longer the painting is studied, the more is the spectator impressed with what a great thing such an army is."

The Scientific American (New York).

"The most American of American landscape painters."

Home Journal.

"Mr. Hope's great historical painting of the Army of the Potomac, at Cumberland Landing, is one of the finest war paintings in the world."

Sunday Call.

IN VERMONT

“ Do you mind the hill where the streamlet flowed,
With the maple grove and the winding road,
And the gushing spring in the cool retreat
Where we sheltered oft from the noon-day heat;
And the mountains dark in the South and West,
Where the forest waved on each towering crest? ”

JAMES HOPE.

OF THE ARTIST AND HIS ART

JAMES HOPE was born of earnest, practical, Scottish parentage, on the Scottish border-land. The exquisite scenery that inspired Burns and Scott was the first to which his nature-loving soul awakened: Ben Lomond, Ben Nevis and their majestic peers with cloud-wreathed summits; exquisite in line and contour; their slopes, a beautiful mosaic of lofty granite crags and living verdure, varied here and there with historic little villages set on small, wooded shelves of gray rock, and their bases losing themselves in the clear depths of the Scottish lakes that cluster like gems about their majestic namesakes, and are encircled in fallow land rich-massed with brilliant and odorous flowers, magnificent sweeps of forestry, and great, spreading, royal strongholds like Sterling. Abbotsford, close enfolded in imperishable memory as its fair walls are in rich ivy growth; Melrose, with its overpowering loveliness of line and thought; and Kenilworth, with its splendid pageantry, were noble places nearest him. Stories of the Round Table and its lordly knights, and anecdotes of royal Scottish valor were his childhood's tales.

Reverent delight in Nature so attuned, fervent love of right and valor so nourished, were first and beautiful pages in his character development. When his father crossed the seas, leaving his mother at rest in that Scottish loveliness, bringing his little son (his only child) with him, and settled in a wildly picturesque spot of Canada, this nature-reverence became his all-absorbing passion; but when, after he had entered manhood and commenced to win Art's favor, the echo of Sumter's shot sounded in

those lordly Canadian forests and reverberated among the beautiful green mountains of Vermont (where the young artist's home then was), instantly he pushed aside his palette and presented himself to the Green Mountain State's Chief Executive, its very first volunteer of the Civil War, an officer leading the splendid few survivors of the stalwart company that followed him in those terrible conflicts, with such merging of self in country and performing such perilous and perfect work in advance bodies of engineers as rightfully won for him that seldom bestowed and zealously guarded pledge of our nation's highest recognition of unusual valor — her Cross of Honor.

He was a poet, too, singing much in the full, sweet rhythm of Burns, his countryman. A man of supreme courage, splendid sincerity, lofty aim, noble unselfishness; modest, grateful, of unswerving truth in character and work, he became the honored friend and valued counsellor of men mighty in peace and war. A citizen, a patriot, an artist, whose death (at Watkins, New York, in 1892) was mourned the country over and was widely noted in distinguished circles of other lands.

The results attained by such a man, whatever the profession to which nature had adapted him, could not be other than noble and inspiring, especially so when it became possible for him to dedicate his power — through Art, her handmaiden — to the Nature he revered. It almost seems that if Mr. Hope had lived in a past age he would have been a king of Druids, for there was not a leaf of the forests in which his soul revelled; not a twig, nor a rock, nor the tiniest pebble; not a flower-star nor censer, nor a single drop of the waters whose purity he loved to read; not an atom of the mists these waters sent back in tribute-glory to the sun, in which he did not find lessons of profound tenderness and majestic grace. And it was in those secluded spots where Nature reveals her riches in most prodigal purity, that his soul

erected temples other men seeing, should enter and worship. Many days and many weeks, sometimes from long distances, always at the same impression-hour, he revisited those spots of supreme natural loveliness and majesty, that — just as they first marked their power upon himself he might reveal it to others. And Nature so appreciated this reverent study that she endowed him with gifts that made scientists like Agassiz exclaim at the unequalled value and beauty of his geological and natural transcripts; Artists like Church feel and love his color-sensitiveness, and like Bierstadt recognize the grandeur of his composition; critics like Cozzens, exclaim: "It is not canvas, but the place itself I see!" Patriots like Abraham Lincoln, soldiers like Grant, McClellan, Hancock and Smith, turning from his great war canvases with moistened eye, to say: "I have been lost to all present surroundings in transport to the Battlefield itself and — in the sense of how great a thing such an Army is!" — and mothers of heroes like Garfield give written, grateful testimony to the absolute veritableness in re-production, of the spot so sacred to them as the birthplace of their hero-sons.

Beginning his life career in a secluded, northern village, Mr. Hope became a member of and a formulative influence in our Country's Greatest Art Institutions.

Sketching Nature or border battle-scenes — his pencil a charred stick and his canvas a shingle — or moulding tiny groups in the plastic clay of his native place, were his early childhood delight.

Born an Artist, it yet seemed for a while that Destiny stood between himself and Art's expression. After his father's death, he (then sixteen years of age) walked from their home in Canada, to Fairhaven, Vermont, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, where he faithfully served a five-years' apprenticeship to a carriagewright. With the one grand aim of his life ever before him, he was

constantly economic, studious, earnest in work, so at the end of this five years, he had saved enough to allow him a coveted course of instruction in the Castleton Seminary. At twenty-three, he married Miss Julia Smith, a most estimable young lady of West Rutland (Vermont) where he had been teaching for a season or two. This profession the exigencies of family life caused him to follow — to the banishment of Art — until an accident crippling him, confined him to his home for quite a season. Out-of-door study was then manifestly impossible, so — after various color experiments and the sketching of familiar groups and objects, he amused himself by painting his own portrait on a small wooden panel, — with such success that its fame went far and wide in the country-side, and soon, many were his patrons at a hundred dollars per capita! His surprise and gratitude at this unexpected result of his painful accident, were extremely touching, for through it, he saw the path to his longed-for avocation — the study of landscape painting. He moved to Montreal, opened a Studio there and was extraordinarily successful until the health of his family suggested the advisability of returning to the milder climate of Vermont. It was through this new sacrifice, so cheerfully accepted — that his brightest success was assured, for, on his return to West Rutland, two famous landscape artists — one great through color-power, the other through majesty of line, came into his life with most grateful results to him and to them. It was only the subtleties of technique whose exposition he had needed. From then on, the transcription of Nature was the transcription of his own thought.

The Cedars, and Cedar Swamps — those Maremma-like mysteries that have inspired the Old World's greatest poets; exquisite hearts of Vermont's Lake, stream, dell, and Mountain Scenery; idyllic bits of her rural life; the superb snow-crowned mountains of the West; our own and Canada's great, leaping, flashing cascades; the sunny

sweetness of Virginia land ; the tremendous lessons of the Battle-field ; the marvelous beauty of Northern New York especially of Seneca Lake — the Silver Lake of poet inspiration, and Watkin's Glen — in whose marvelous gorges and splendid cliffs man may read, as scarce anywhere else, the world's age — whether it be of millions or of hundreds of thousands of years since the crystalline stream began to wear its way through those stupendous pages of history-in-rock, clothed with rare and exquisite ferns and orchids, and guarded by splendid, fragrant oaks and evergreens, and maples in royal robes of crimson and gold. Such sublime and exquisite works of the Great Master, have imbued him with inspiration, through which in the canvases now before us, this true artist, having passed on — yet speaks — as few other artists have had power to speak.



CONDITIONS OF SALE

1. The highest bidder to be the buyer, and if any dispute arise between two or more bidders, the lot so in dispute shall be immediately put up again and resold.

2. The purchasers to give their names and addresses and to pay down a cash deposit, or the whole of the purchase money, *if required*, in default of which the lot or lots so purchased to be immediately put up again and resold.

3. The lots to be taken away at the buyer's expense and risk upon the conclusion of the sale and the remainder of the purchase money to be absolutely paid or otherwise settled for to the satisfaction of the auctioneer, on or before delivery; in default of which the undersigned will not hold himself responsible if the lots be lost, stolen, damaged or destroyed, but they will be left at the sole risk of the purchaser.

4. The sale of any article is not to be set aside on account of any error in the description. All articles are exposed for public exhibition one or more days and are sold just as they are, without recourse.

5. To prevent inaccuracy in delivery, and inconvenience in settlement of the purchases, no lot can on any account be removed during the sale.

6. If, for any cause, an article purchased cannot be delivered in as good condition as the same may have been at the time of its sale, or should any article purchased thereafter be stolen or misdelivered, or lost, the undersigned is not to be held liable, in any greater amount than the price bid by the purchaser.

7. Upon failure to comply with the above conditions, the money deposited in part payment shall be forfeited, all lots uncleared within the time aforesaid shall be resold by public or private sale, without further notice, and the deficiency, if any, attending such re-sale shall be made good by the defaulter at this sale, together with all charges attending the same. This condition is without prejudice to the right of the auctioneer to enforce the contract made at this sale, without such re-sale if he thinks fit.

JAMES P. SILO, Auctioneer.



No. 67.—FOREST GLEN.

CATALOGUE

FIRST EVENING'S SALE

Friday, January 22d, 1904, at 8.15 o'clock.

I

Making Maple Sugar in Canada

A happy hit of real "Settlement" life in early days.

Height, 12 inches; length, 16 inches.

2

Sunset

The night-shadows of the rocky foreground lift and change into the deep blue of the upper sky, and the west's mellow gold richly bathing the distant cliffs is reflected in the placid waters in which they lose themselves.

Height, 12 inches; length, 22 inches.

3

A Vermont Brook

Height, 14½ inches; length, 18½ inches.

4

In Childhood (Panel)

A little canvas of peculiar interest as one of the artist's earliest and most enthusiastic landscape readings; marked even then by the true "forest flavor," and the beautiful forest mystery that became so strong characteristics of his work.

Height, 11½ inches; width, 16 inches.

5

Nature and Nature's Kind

A noble buck stops for a draught at a clear mountain brook at the base of a rugged boulder upon which a glory of sunlight pours through a rift in the rich forestry.

Height, 12¾ inches; width, 15¼ inches.

6

The Love Letter (After Hildebrandt)

Height, 15¼ inches; width, 13¼ inches.

7

Glen, with Mountain House

A general view of the great gorge at Watkins' Glen, with stairway to the lower glen.

Height, 26 inches; width, 36 inches.

On the Pamunky — Virginia

A sloop and a gunboat ride at anchor on this beautiful stream whose magnificent beach is also shown. Although there are camp tents near the foreground, the atmosphere is one of exquisite peace.

Height, 25 inches; width, 30 inches.

The Sea of Galilee

A fine, strong harmony of subject and color — wonderfully true to this sacred locality; in perfect drawing from photographs by Bierstadt, the artist's friend.

Height, 13 inches; width, 20 inches.

Mount Tacoma — Washington Territory

A superb transcription of the most majestic beauty of the West. Rising from the blue waters of the Columbia, this snow-covered mountain, with its richly-wooded slopes — relieve-like in the pure atmosphere — is well named, "Sovereign of the Pacific."

Height, 13 inches; width, 20 inches.

11

Robber's Roost

A huge rock fastness, once a veritable bandits' stronghold, in a lovely ravine with foaming cataract and tranquil pool.

Height, 12 inches; width, 18 inches.

12

Bird Mountain — Castleton, Vermont

A flowered meadow leads to a tree-fringed stream. Farm lands rise to the wooded hillside beyond, and terminate in a bold bluff, which is a well-known landmark for miles around. This mass of unstratified granite, pushed up by volcanic action, rises amid the fetid green like an island, dividing the slate deposits on the west from the marble in the valleys to the east.

Height, 12 inches; width, 20 inches.

13

Carver's Fall — Fairhaven.

A wild, sweet, vitalizing breath from rustic Vermont.

Height, 10 inches; width, 13 inches.

14

Study

A charming blend of rock and water.

Height, 10¼ inches; width, 13 inches.

15

Sylvan Happiness

Peacefully resting upon the mossy sward of a lovely, sequestered forest glade are a splendid stag and his beautiful doe.

In this poetic wildwood phantasy there is much of the spirit of Verboeckhoven.

Height, 10 inches; width, 14 inches.

16

A Cedar Swamp

A study of lovely evergreens, still waters, and luxuriant verdure, close to Nature's heart.

Height, 18½ inches; width, 25½ inches.

17

The Bivouac (Near Chickahominy)

A General (General Slocum) and his staff have sought repose under the branches of a spreading beech tree with a clear, cool stream close by. From farther on camp fires send their blaze deep into the woods.

Height, 20 inches; width, 26 inches.

18

Boardman's Ravine — Vermont

The title is its own nature story.

Height, 16 inches; width, 20 inches.

19

Lover's Grove

Another beautiful, early Vermont study.

Height, 20 inches; width, 15 inches.

20

Mossy Rocks and Pool

A charming contrast study.

Height, 15 inches; width, 20 inches.

21

Foliage and Rock Study

A leaf from Nature's own book.

Height, 10 inches; width, 14 inches.

22

Round Lake in the Adirondacks. (At Sunset.)

In this just-before-twilight hour some fine deer feed quietly along the shore. A golden pathway glints athwart the water, and the distant mountain crests glow with light. A mass of low-lying, onward-moving violet clouds below the sunset radiance already commence to shadow the little islands of the lake.

Height, 15 inches; width, 20 inches.

Yosemite Domes

A canvas to which the artist has wonderfully imparted the peculiar majesty and sweetness of the Pacific slope. Purpling in the distant mists stand those royal guardians of a vale of world-famed loveliness, the blue waters at their base beautifully reflecting them.

Height, $16\frac{1}{4}$ inches; width, $24\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Autumn at Castleton

A Green Mountain pastoral; clear stream and spreading meadows, with browsing sheep and cattle, and farmer well-content. A comfortable farm amid the gentle undulations of the hill country, rich gold with autumnal tones. The atmosphere is one of profound peace.

Height, 12 inches; width, 22 inches.

Cavern Cascade — Watkins Glen

No words are needed to describe a canvass with such a title, by such an artist.

Height, 20 inches; width, 15 inches.

A White Mountain Cascade

A deep, clear pool with rocky rim, age-fretted, receives the rushing, foamy volume of a cascade springing from a granite bed. At the left, a lichened rock rises from the pool. To the right a group of fragrant hemlocks and a graceful, old silver birch guard the entrance to a cave.

Height, 27 inches; width, 38 inches.

Burnside Bridge — Antietam Creek

A locality whose past history and present peacefulness are at strange variance. One of the most luxuriant, most tranquil pasture regions of fertile Maryland, dotted with fine trees, under whose shade sleek cattle graze and rest; in our Civil War the very turning point of a terrible battle, the clear waters of the little stream was crimson with the lifeblood of heroes; its three-arched bridge bitterly contested step by step; its beautiful wooded hills resounded with the scream of shot and shell.

Height, 21 inches; width, 36 inches

Cavern Gorge — Watkins Glen

The flashing, foamy torrent of the Great Glen Cascade, to which the Indian tribes that guarded it listened in reverence as it echoed rhythmically among its forest-crowned crags, is in the middle distance. Near, the graceful, laughing lower fall of "Minnehaha" leaps home to a quiet pool. A winding vine and plant-bordered path curves to the base of the towering cliff. At the left the grey gorge walls rise in impressive solitude.

Height, 36 inches; width, 30 inches.

Rainbow Fall — Watkins Glen

A smaller but admirable replica of the famous painting described as Number 77.

Height, 36 inches; width, 30 inches.

A Passing Shower at Lake George (the Narrows)

Black Mountain, its summit storm-swept, its base and its near waters bathed in sunlight. A row boat on the rocky beach; an upper sky of vivid blue showing through torn masses of fleece-like clouds.

Height, 15 inches; width, 20 inches.

31

The Notch — Taconic Range, Castleton.

A beautiful autumn study of Vermont peaks, hills, streams, foliage and meadowlands.

Height, $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches; width, $30\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

32

Old Tree Trunk and Moss Clad Rock

A fine Nature study in Vermont.

Height, $18\frac{1}{4}$ inches; width, $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

33

Grouse Cover

Such a refreshing woodland bit as sportsmen love.

Height, 20 inches; width, $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

34

Curtain Cascade — Havana Glen

A transparent sheet of water falling gently into a quiet pool. A charming play of sunlight and shadow among the moss-grown rocks and tender foliage and over the softly-mellowed distance.

Height, 14 inches; width, 11 inches.

35

Roaring Brook

A vivacious Nature study.

Height, $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches; width, $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

36

Very Interesting Old Master

Two hundred or more years of age, and strongly suggestive of Murillo. Purchased by Mr. Hope in Montreal sixty years ago.

Height, $20\frac{1}{2}$ inches; width, $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

37

Autumn in Vermont

When the superb forestry of this beautiful State dons its richest garb and its atmosphere is exquisitely fresh and clear.

Height, 10 inches; width, 16 inches.

38

The Home of "Cabin John"

The much-visited hut of a mysterious recluse who, shortly before the Revolution, built a rude cabin in the beautiful ravine near the banks of the Potomac, about seven miles from Washington. He was said to have been a wonderful musician, and finally disappeared as mysteriously as he came. The original sketch was drawn by Mr. Hope in 1861.

Height, 11 inches; width, 14 inches.

"The Faïres" (After Steinbruck, Dusseldorf)

A most beautiful illustration of a charming German folk-tale.

A work of exquisite softness, richness, harmony and grace in every detail of composition and color, figure, foliage, costume and surroundings. Strongly suggestive of Diaz at his best in figure work.

Height, 12 inches; width, 22 inches.

Sylvan Gate

Three ancient, mossy tree trunks, so fallen across a mountain streamlet as to suggest a gateway barring entrance to the on-stretching silvery vista. At the left, a group of yellow birches; upon the right, sweeping masses of rich foliage.

Height, 15 inches; width, 22 inches.

Winter in Watkins Glen

Winter solitude has set its icy seal upon the paths of pleasure; in the Glen depths there are strange crystal formations; snow whitens the symmetric branches of the evergreens. A trail of footprints on the snow is the only sign of near-by humanity.

Height, 16¼ inches; width, 20¼ inches.



No. 77—RAINBOW FALLS, WATKINS GLEN.

Birthplace of President Garfield (Orange, Ohio)

The appended certificate given to the artist as an earnest of gratitude for the faithful preservation of the scene greatly enhances the value and the interest of this historic canvas:

Orange, Cayahoga Co. Ohio,

October 23, 1882:

James Hope's painting of the birthplace of Gen. James A. Garfield is a true representation of that scene about fifty years ago;

(signed)

Eliza B. Garfield,
Mehetible Trowbridge,
H. B. Boynton.

Beyond the home-cabin-clearing, stands the modest log building where our future General and President received his early instruction. The boy carrying the stone across the brook that turns the miniature mill wheel, is James A. Garfield; his companions are of his own family and of that of the Boyntons, their nearest neighbors.

Height, 24 inches; width, 36 inches.

Natural Bridge (Close by Garfield's Birthplace)

Two jutting rocks—meeting from either side—form a pretty, natural bridge over the stream where the boy destined to become one of our country's most masterful chief Rulers used to play as a child. The natural beauties of the place he so loved are faithfully delineated.

Height, 18 inches; width, 24 inches.

SECOND EVENING'S SALE

Saturday, January 23rd, 1904, at 8.15 o'clock.

44

The Rostrum.

(From which Garfield addressed his first audience.)

While a boy, James A. Garfield became noted as the best orator of the children who formed a habit of summer-time declamation assemblies in the woods west of the old log school-house. A faithful transcript of the scene.

Height, 18 inches; width, 24 inches.

45

Rock Study. Watkins Glen.

A painting which enthused Agassiz, the great natural scientist, and which Mr. Hope himself valued very highly.

Height, 18½ inches; width, 24¼ inches.

46

Highland Mary.

A pastoral of Scottish border memory, inspired by Robert Burns' poem of that name.

Height, 16 inches; width, 12 inches.

Marble Valley (West Rutland)

Looking northward, we see in panorama one of the most beautiful valleys of Southern Vermont. In its center lies the embryo village of West Rutland, which sprang so quickly into existence at Sheldon & Slawson's opening of the since famous rich Marble Quarries now owned by Senator Proctor. On the right is the old village; at the background rise tier upon tier of wooded hills that are finally lost in distance. At the left appears the one notch of the Taconic Range through which the present railway enters the Green Mountain State from the west. The meadow and pasture lands in the foreground are dotted with trees, rich with autumn tones.

Height, 31 inches; width, 47 inches.

Empire Fall. Glen Eldridge—Seneca Lake.

One of the softest, sweetest scenes of New York's most beautiful Lake region, delineated with exquisite sentiment. A hill brook—made low by summer drouth—courses gently through the gorge to the Lake level; here, gliding over a precipitous rock, it forms the famous Empire Fall that has given so much of inspiration to our great poets. In the far distance a rustic bridge spans the ravine and beyond this there is an alluring vista of sunlight on rock-walled environs, under the melting blue of a midsummer sky.

Height, 36 inches; width 30 inches.

The Yosemite Valley.

A strong and yet infinitely poetic rendering of our Western Paradise.

Height, $45\frac{1}{2}$ inches; width, $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Cedar Swamp.

Gathered close about the waters of a still pool in true, Maremma atmosphere, are the strangely gnarled and knotted trunks of ancient, overhanging cedars. A snowy-plumaged crane gives a touch of life to the otherwise sleepy scene.

Height, 20 inches; width, 25 inches.

Chattanooga from Lookout Mountain.

A canvas that presents in all the freshness and aroma of its world-lauded loveliness, a scene of unrivalled panoramic effect. The winding Tennessee and its luxuriant, undulating slopes are seen from the craggy heights of Lookout. Bathed in radiant sunlight lies the City of Chattanooga close-clasped by Moccasin Bend.

Height, 25 inches; width, 20 inches.

St. Mary's Fall—Canada

A Swirling, foaming, yellow mountain torrent, superb in action and tone, tumbles wildly down a rugged rocky way. This madly seething cataract seems the very spirit of the Mountains that rise crest upon crest in the far distance. At the right, in all the power of contrasted color, a mass of naked rocks rises from the river bed.

Height, 22 inches; width, 36 inches.

Gem of the Forest.

The following description of this great canvas is concentered from notices in the New York, New England, Southern and Western Press: "It takes us into the depth of a forest retreat. Here are the fresh fragrance, the delicious coolness, the delightful seclusion of the Vermont woods. The spirit of Peace is breathed upon us. The waters of the tiny streams laugh musically as they bear along flakes of golden sunshine caught in their gauzy mantle of foam, daintily lifting their pure garments ere taking a leap into the crystal depths. We get a glimpse of real sunshine flooding the brook, kissing the whispering leaves, and turning the rocks into gold. Were this the artist's only work, his high place would be assured."

Height, 40½ inches; width, 58½ inches.

Diana and Her Nymphs (After Sohn).

A most exquisite fac-simile of what has been declared the "Gem of the Dusseldorf Gallery."

Height, 45 inches; width, 36 inches.

Jerusalem. (From photos taken in the Holy City by Bierstadt.)

Where once the gilded dome of King Solomon's temple shone resplendant, the white Mosque of Omar stands, the temple area also including the Mosque of Aksa. To the right of the middle foreground lies the garden of Gethsemane; to the left—partly hidden by the hill curve—Absalom's pillar is seen.

Height, 28½ inches; width, 48 inches.

Spearing Fish by Torchlight.

A fine portrayal of an early spring pastime peculiar to rustic spots near the headquarters of a stream. The lurid light of the torches and their drifting smoke give splendid color play to this lively night scene.

Height, 30 inches; width, 25 inches.

57

Natural Bridge.

An admirable eastern view of this world-famed Nature-wonder in Virginia. Through the arch are seen the wooded slopes of the ravine with a bright bit of blue sky imparting breadth and movement.

Height, 30 inches; width, 25 inches.

58

Joppa. (From Photographs by Bierstadt.)

From the sea wall at the left, the buildings of this ancient commercial port rise in terraced heights. On the beach in the foreground are groups of seafarers and a fisher's craft.

Height, 28 inches; width, 42½ inches.

59

From a Vermont Mountain Side.

A turbulent stream is seen struggling through its rocky channel, its craggy banks strewn with huge masses of granite hurled from the heights above, and entwined in the roots of crowning forestry. Far-reaching meadows and mist-veiled mountains form the background.

Height, 30 inches; width, 40 inches.

Winter in Norway. .(After Saal).

A perfect reproduction of a celebrated winter scene in the "Land of the Midnight Sun," by a famous European Painter.

Height, 15 inches; width, 22 inches.

The White House of Virginia. .(Old Custis-Lee Homestead).

This delightful bit of canvas has received the enthusiastic encomium of Gen. Robert E. Lee, in an autograph letter to the Artist. The original sketch was made on the grounds themselves by Mr. Hope in 1862—about a week before this historically hospitable mansion was destroyed by fire. Not only was this mansion the home of the distinguished soldier we have mentioned, but tradition tells us that here was the marriage of Washington to beautiful Martha Custis celebrated. The point of view selected, is one looking towards White House Landing—with shipping on the distant waters of the blue Pamunky.

Height, 16 inches; width, 27¼ inches.

A Vermont Trout Stream.

An ideal spot for the sheltering of the much-sought and shy fish that love the clear, cool, moving waters of the Green Mountain State.

A literal Paradise from the Sportsman's point of view.

Height, 15 inches; width, 20 inches.

The Fairies' Cascade—Havana Glen.

A dancing, graceful, Cascade leaps gayly over the granite walls of a beautiful, clear pool in which it loses itself. Odorous pines and hemlocks—their fine branches aglint with the glory of full sunlight—add stateliness to the exquisite scene.

Height, 20 inches; width, 15 inches.

The Emerald Pool—Watkins Glen.

Rightly so named, for the clear waters of this granite-curved pool, are the most precious tint of the beautiful gem whose name it bears. Its walls are thick-spread with mosses and lichens whose soft, rich color is beautifully intensified by the sunlight streaming into the Gorge and showering down through lacery of foliage.

Height, 16 inches; width, 12 inches.

The Artist's Ideal.

A Symphony of Stream, trees, rock and forest verdure. A clear stream in its unswerving course of thousands upon tens of thousands of years through the massive rock whose age is shown in its different strata—has left little crystal pools here and there at different elevations, as beautiful guides to the clear depths beyond. At the left—mantled with rare ferns and orchids, rich moss and deep-toned lichens that add such delicacy to the wondrous impressiveness of Watkins Glen—is a quartz-girdled rock column of marvelous symmetry. At the right is the solid cliff whose tremendous geologic reading fills man anew with reverence at the divine mystery of creation.

Height, 30 inches; width, 25 inches.

In Norway. (After Gude.)

An exquisite series of water steps formed by the passing of a torrent at its own unfettered will—down the rocky slope of a lofty mountain clad with heather and stunted firs. Clear and beautiful perspective.

Height, 36 inches; width, 30 inches.

Forest Glen—Castleton.

(The description of this superb canvas—painted at the zenith of Mr. Hope's power—a painting he so dearly loved that, like some others in the present collection, he several times refused thousands of dollars for it—is concreted (as are several to follow) from notices it has received in this country's most distinguished journals):

Great breadth of effect and fidelity to Nature mark this most beautiful work of Art. In the foreground, with its granite and sandstone boulders showing the wear of countless storms and floods, the strength of the artist is splendidly shown.

Nothing can surpass the splendid burst of sunlight that streams in from the left and lights up with sparkling brilliancy, the lower portion of the tree trunks and rests upon the mossy top of the huge boulder. The rest of the view is looking down a brook with precipitous forest-clothed banks and quiet pools. Into a broader stream—flowing from the right the brook flows close by a richly wooded bank—where the noon-day sun pours down in luxury of light and warmth. A deep blue sky with soft, floating bits of cloud heightens the living beauty of the scene; looking, one is lost in a dream of the woods at their most inspiring, and unwittingly holds his breath lest its sound startle the doe and fawn drinking at one of the lower pools.

Height, 40 inches; width, 51 inches.

Spiral Gorge—Watkins Glen.

A canvas much studied by celebrated geologists, and greatly admired by all Nature lovers. Its basic principle is, we may say, Hogarth's famous "line of beauty." Through riven rocks whose every angle has been water-worn, a thread of gliding water links a succession of quiet pools. Sunlight shimmers golden through the distant vista, bringing into radiant life the rich autumn tints of vine, shrub, and overhanging tree, Nature tones that are nowhere more brilliant than in our western New York.

Height, 36 inches; width, 30 inches.

The Fairies' Bath.

A charming phantasy of the "wee folk." A clear and beautiful pool in a forest glen. In the silver rays of the moonlight that throws the forest depths into weird relief, troop the fairies over rock and green, to the music of falling waters—to the pool in which their queen is already bathing.

Height, 16 inches; width, 12 inches.

A Cool Retreat.

A fragrant, sunny brightness of Glen seclusion—with delicious suggestion of cool depths beyond.

Height, 15½ inches; width 22 inches.

The Rainbow—Watkins Glen.

A silvery sheet of water falls from a rock ledge into the Gorge, into which leads a narrow path. Beyond this pool a rainbow springs to the left bank from a pool lower down. The ravine winds down and away in distance. The foliage tones and mellowed sunlight of this Painting are delightful.

Height, 15½ inches; width, 22 inches.

The Cathedral—Watkins Glen.

A rock temple whose arches and columns are carved at Nature's own command; whose arch is the blue sky, and whose tracery is the rich foliage of noble trees.

Height, 25 inches; width, 20 inches.

Miranda. .The Tempest. .Act. I.; Scene II.

"The gentle mien, the placid feature,
Bespeak that guileless lovely creature."
Immortal Shakespeare drew.'

Height, 30 inches; width, 25 inches.

Great Falls of the Potomac. . (At high water).

A masterly rendering of one of the most beautiful Falls in the world. The purity, life, and grace of the water; the majestic plunge of the sparkling, transparent sheet, and the soft loveliness of its entourage, imbue this canvas with rare power.

Height, 24 inches; width, 36 inches.

Sylvan Dell—Castleton.

Back to the rich sweetness of his loved Vermont Mr. Hope has "harked" (as did that great Italian Landscapist, our George Loring Brown, to Florence for his "Memories of Italy") for inspiration in this one of his largest and most beautiful works. It is a composite of Vermont's loveliest of vale and woodland, stream, cascade, rock boulders, wooded depth and timid, graceful deer; foliage and verdure are rich red and orange with the wine of Autumn, through whose golden haze and brilliant sunlight all the enchanting parts of this ideal Painting glow with exquisite life.

Height, 40 inches; width, 60 inches.

Bloody Lane—Antietam.

Original Study for large canvas whose description will be found in its own place.

Height, 50 inches; width 96 inches.

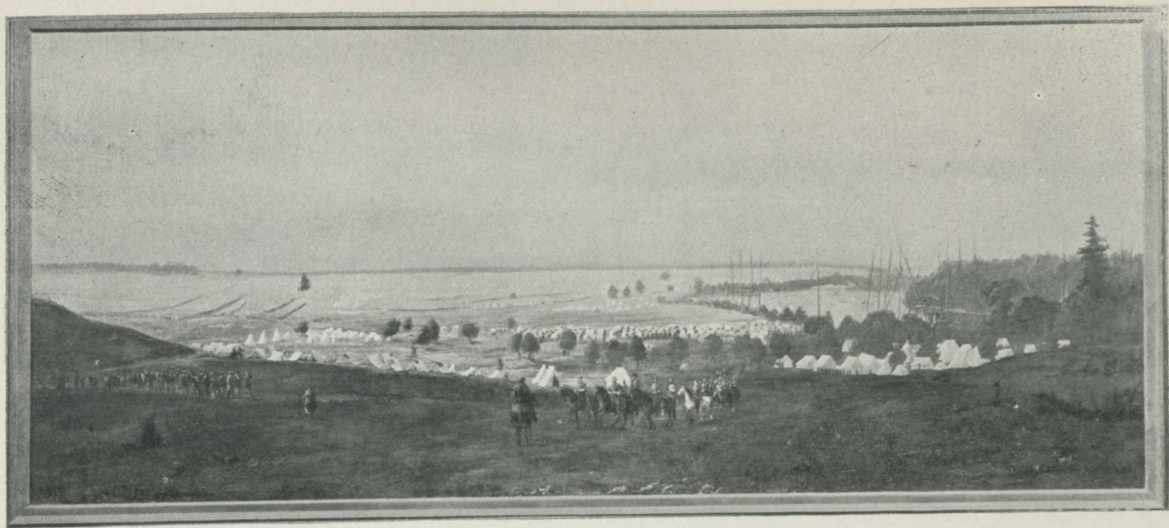
The Rainbow—Watkins Glen.

The most superb transcription ever made of the entrancing and regal beauty of this famous Glen, Nature's crown of loveliness in all this part of her kingdom. To this magnificent canvas was awarded the place of Honor in the New York State Building at the Pan-American Exposition, in Buffalo, where it was visited again and again by admiring crowds and enthusiastic critics from all parts of the world. It is a canvas conceived by a heart full of reverent gratitude to the Divine Giver of such gift of supreme loveliness, and pictured by a master hand whose long and devout communing with Nature had given it marvelous power in portraying her exquisite mysteries. The following—concreted from press notices in Philadelphia, Washington, Buffalo, Chicago and other large cities of great art interests—gives a slight idea of the greatness of this master-work:

It is glorious! Marvelous in the grace and vivacity of its absolute portrayal of Nature in most regal line and tone; a transcription of Glen scenery that has never been surpassed, if ever equalled.

A painting most masterly, because, as the great Leonardo said: 'It is most like Nature.' A reverent study of Nature, unique, unsurpassed at least in this country. A magnificent painting exquisitely finished, in which you forget the skill of the Artist in the thrilling beauty of the scene; a picture one loves to carry on the walls of memory. It is perfect to the daintiest fern, the ivy clinging to the grey rock, the weird, iridescent hues of the water falling over the rocky cliff; sifting through the leafy arches of the fine trees that grow on either side of the Glen and form a rich canopy over the Gorge, comes—beyond the beautiful triple Fall, the Golden light of a Midsummer Sun.

Height, 8 feet; width, 6 feet.



No. 73.—THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

(Encamped at Cumberland Landing on the Pamunky River.) The figures in the foreground are: Major General Geo. B. McClellan and Suite; General W. T. Smith, the Prince de Joinville, and Colonel Astor.

THE six large canvases that follow, have been declared: "The finest war Paintings ever produced;" "True Soldier's Paintings"—"Paintings that should be placed where coming generations of possible soldiers—seeing them, should learn how terrible a thing war is." "Historic canvases that convey lessons of vital import." "National Paintings to be placed in a National Gallery."

These are paintings before which great patriots like Lincoln, and great soldiers like Grant, Hancock, McClellan and Miles have stopped absorbed; forgetting time, place and circumstance, they were again on the field so perfectly portrayed. Then—recalled to the present by some nearby movement—they have turned from these masterly records of historic deeds with tear-dimmed eyes. The interest of these canvases is greatly enhanced in several instances by their framing—as in that of Bloody Lane—framed in weather-stained, bullet-riddled oak from the battlefield itself, bound together with the battle's emblems.

If even a part of the enthusiastic Press Notices of these Paintings, published at the time when criticism was keenest because the facts themselves were of the hour, or those of calmer, later days, were reproduced, there would be need of an especial catalogue for each Painting. So, in general, we accompany each simply with its own description, written by the Artist-Soldier himself.

The Army of the Potomac.

(Encamped at Cumberland Landing on the Pamunky River).

"If our readers desire a clear and vivid conception of the actual appearance and extent of an army of 80,000; if they would know what a great thing an army is, let them look at this painting. At the only time when the Army of the Potomac was ever collected in an entire body it was spread out on ground sufficiently level for it all to be seen at one view. Fortunately, at this great moment one of our best landscape Painters was present * * * The longer this great painting is studied, the stronger is its power. With it before us, we can feel as did Marmion when contemplating the Army of James IX. at Flodden Field."

"Oh well, Lord Lion, has thou said,
Thy king from warfare to dissuade
Were but a vain essay:
For, by saint George' were that host mine,
Not power infernal nor divine
Should once to peace my soul incline
Till I had dimm'd their armor's shine
In glorious battle fray."

Scientific American, 1895, 33.

Height, 4½ feet; width, 10½ feet.

COPY OF AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM GENERAL McCLELLAN.

NEW YORK, January 21st, 1865.

My dear Captain:

Before leaving the city I must express to you the pleasure experienced by me on beholding your magnificent painting of the Army of the Potomac in camp, at Cumberland landing, Pamunky River. I thought the study I saw at your studio last winter was fine, but never dreamed you would produce a work that could so vividly call to mind that wonderful sight. For a moment upon entering the gallery I was spellbound, and could hardly realize that the place and event was not actually before me. Every feature of that never to be forgotten scene has been faithfully portrayed, and will be valued in the future as one of the most perfect representations of Army life.

I congratulate you on your success. Truly your friend,

GEO. B. McCLELLAN.

Battle of Antietam—"No. 1. Looking South."

In the distance are seen the mountains of Maryland and Virginia; in the middle-distance is Cemetery Hill, on which is the Washington Artillery. General Lee had his position there also during most of the battle. Below the hill to the right is seen part of the village of Sharpsburg; to the right is the Hagerstown Pike; near the foreground is the Henry Piper homestead, with orchard, and the Rebel line across through the orchard, after being driven from the sunken road. In the foreground is a section of the sunken road, with the Seventh Maine dashing across it into the Piper cornfield, where they lost two-thirds of their number in less than half an hour.

Height, 5½ feet; width, 12 feet.

Battle of Antietam—"No. 2. Looking West."

On the left is the famous Dunker Church and woods, with the Confederate Artillery, under S. D. Lee, in the foreground. In the center distance is the extreme right of the Union lines; The smoke of Stewart's Battery is seen over the hill, and the D. R. Miller house by the end of the hill; between the Miller house and the east woods, a part of which shows on the right of this painting, is a 30-acre cornfield, where the slaughter of both the blue and the gray was fearful. This is an extremely interesting portion of the field. Here at early dawn the impetuous Hooker, supported by Mansfield, dashed his columns against those of Stonewall Jackson, whose lines extended along in front of the Miller house and east woods, giving him a

foretaste of what the day was going to be. After a terrific struggle, Jackson was forced back across the open ground into the Dunker Church or west woods; here he was re-inforced, and in turn forced Hooker and Mansfield back. Thus the battle raged, the contending forces driving each other back and forth across the open ground between the east and west woods, with terrific slaughter on both sides, until Mansfield was killed and Hooker severely wounded, and their shattered ranks forced back to the shelter of the east woods and their Artillery. At this point Sedgwick's Division of the Second Corps charged from the cornfield and east woods, as shown in the picture, going clear through the Dunker Church woods, but was in turn flanked, and had to cut his way back, losing over 1,200 men in the operation, and himself being badly wounded. The Sixth Corps having arrived on the ground from South Mountain, were at once ordered in to retake the ground that had been so long and hotly contested. Irwin's Brigade (of Smith's Division) charged diagonally across the field in front of the Dunker Church woods, cleared them in ten minutes, and held them the rest of the day. This was the last charge on the right. It was now noon, and long-range firing was kept up until dark.

Height, 5½ feet; width, 12 feet.

Battle of Antietam—"No. 3. Looking North."

On the left of this painting is seen the remaining portion of the east woods, with a Union Battery in front; also the burning Momma buildings, fired by order of D. H. Hill, whose left connected with Jackson

and extended along in front of the burning buildings, and on through the Roulette orchard, this side of the house and barn, up and along the high ridge beyond, on the right of the painting. This was the battleground of Sumner's Second Corps. McClellan and escort are seen riding the lines during the battle; his Headquarters, at the Pry house, is seen also in the center of the picture, across the Antietam creek, above and to the left of the Roulette house, the red house on the hill. From the Pry house, extending to the right, along under Elk Mountain, is the position of the Fifth Corps, held in reserve, and our reserve Artillery. The battle commenced here about 7 o'clock in the morning, by French's Division, Richardson's Division forming on the left of French, a little later on. The fighting here was desperate, the Rebel lines were forced back, and took possession of a sunken road, since known as "Bloody Lane," which they held for four hours, a small section of which is seen at the extreme right of this painting. Twice while holding the lane the enemy were reinforced and charged back on our men, driving them back. The last charge they made Max Webber's Brigade was forced from the field, being almost annihilated, and out of ammunition. The Sixth Corps had just reached the field, and Brooks' Old Vermont Brigade was ordered to reinforce French, which they did on a double-quick, charging in two lines up through the Momma and Roulette cornfields, as shown in the right of this painting, recapturing the lost ground and holding it until the end of the battle. About noon the Confederates were driven from the lane in their front, leaving the road literally filled with their dead and wounded. About this time Richardson, on the left of French, was mortally wounded, and Hancock took command of his Division.

Height, 5½ feet; width, 12 feet.

Battle of Antietam—"The Burnside Bridge."

This painting shows the extreme left of the Union lines, two miles south of Sharpsburg. Burnside's Ninth Corps held the east bank of the Antietam creek, and the Confederates the west; Toombs' Brigade occupying the bridge and the adjacent hill, with Eubanks' Battery on the left, just out of the picture. Burnside was ordered to carry the bridge at 8 in the morning, but failed to do so, after a few feeble attempts. After receiving a third peremptory order to carry the bridge and the heights beyond, and advance on Sharpsburg, regardless of loss, to General Sturgis he committed the task, and the 51st Pennsylvania, Colonel Hartranft, and the 51st New York, Colonel Potter, were selected to charge the bridge; this they did, at 1 o'clock, in fine style, at the point of the bayonet, at a double-quick, the whole Division following. About 3 o'clock the advance commenced, driving the Rebels back in great confusion, until they almost reached Sharpsburg. But the movement was too late. A. P. Hill reached the field, from Harper's Ferry, reinforced the Rebels, and forced back the victors across the bridge, though our troops still held the bridge and the hills commanding it. The loss of both officers and men was very heavy, especially of the brave boys that carried the bridge. Total loss of Corps, 2,349.

Height, 5½ feet; width, 12 feet.

"After the Battle." "Bloody Lane"—Antietam.

This was the most terrible slaughter seen during the war; the Confederate dead lay in the sunken road on an average of three deep for half a mile, and there was only one man who breathed in all that distance. The officer who had charge of the working party here says: "'Round the point, just beyond the foreground of this painting, for three rods, they lay five and six deep." On the hills to the left of the lane, there were five charges made, and the dead of blue and gray are about equal, but in the lane and the cornfield to the right all are Confederates. This was largely the work of Infantry. The living man that lay in road said: "When I fell I had one bullet in me, now I have five!" The man kneeling down in the foreground was in that position firing, was struck in the brain, and was so perfectly balanced that he never fell over. The young officer in front was said by a Confederate to be Colonel Lightfoot. The man hanging on the fence had eight bullets in him. One Georgia Regiment, that fought here, reports their loss at 86 6-10 per cent. Our front line as we lay on the hill to the left was only 50 yards from the lane. And Longstreet says: "The fresh troops of McClellan mowed down the already ragged army of Lee like grass before the scythe." The first mountain in the distance is Elk Ridge, a notch in the forest on top of the highest point is McClellan's chief signal station. Directly behind this ridge is "Crampton Pass," in the Blue Ridge, or South Mountain, as it is called here, where the Sixth Corps fought three days before; and at the extreme left of the painting is seen "Turner's Gap," where the rest of the army fought the battle of "South Mountain."

Height, 8½ feet; width, 16 feet.

TO SCOTLAND

“ Farewell, ye green hills and heather-clad mountains,
Ye wild, woody glens and bright valleys below.
Farewell! to the land of the lakes and the fountains,
The dearest on earth that my bosom can know.
I ne’er shall forget thee — my country! — no, never!
Though I leave thee for years, and it may be — forever!

Farewell ye gray halls that my infancy sheltered!
The home of my sire I can never forget;
Thine ivy-clad walls time and tempest may alter,
But thy old, mossy stones shall be dear to me yet,
The strong ties that bind me to thee I now sever,
It may be for years, and it may be forever.

And when, in some lone, foreign land I’m a ranger,
If the blue hills of Scotland I never may see,
Ere they lay me to rest in the grave of a stranger,
My last breath shall rise for a blessing on thee.
Farewell, Caledonia! from thee I now sever,
It may be for years, and it may be forever!

JAMES HOPE.

